CAMPBELL PRESS

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VOL. 32, NO. 50 (35-60) CAMPBELL, SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA TUESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1929

DEVELOPMENT CAMPAIGN FOR CAMPBELL STARTS

Pertinent Paragraphs

Harry Sinclair, oil magnate, serving time for contempt of the senate, has appealed to President Hoover for executive clemency. It will be interesting to know how the appeal will be received—and acted upon by the nation's chief executive. If Mr. Hoover sees fit to release Sinclair, who is getting off very easily as it is, we will be forced to the conclusion that he has forgotten those days when he was distinctly not a millionaire. By ignoring Sinclair's plea, Hoover will automatically acquire merit in the eyes of the masses.

H. L. Baggerly, publisher of the Los Gatos Mail-News, scored a victory for the press when criminal libel action brought against him by Police Judge Percy O'Connor of San Jose was dropped by the plaintiff. Baggerly, whose history in the California newspaper game leads one to believe he enjoys a scrap even better than his tri-daily groceries, has in the recent proceedings, established the right of the press to criticise the bench. It is seldom that the action of a judge warrants criticism—but when the press feels that a few well chosen words would not go amiss we like to know that they may be published without fear of the writer languishing in the jailhouse.

The secretary of the San Francisco chapter of the Red Cross, Miss E. M. Ashmun, was stabbed to death yesterday afternoon as she left her office at the civic center. Her assailant was a Mexican, David Licaraga, who had for some time been insistent in his demands for government aid. Miss Ashmun had been endeavoring to secure aid for the Mexican and he, in his ignorance, arrived at the conclusion that the secretary and not the government, was responsible for the delay. In our opinion the murder constitutes one very good argument against further immigration.

A San Jose lad found a pearl in a bowl of oyster soup. We might eat oyster soup—if we could be assured of finding a pearl in each bowl.

The Press blossoms forth this week with eight pages. We hope you will like the new size of the paper. The continuation of eight pages depends somewhat on the way it is received. If you enjoy the material to be found on the extra pages, give us a buzz and let us know about it. Otherwise we might go on cheating ourselves for a whole flock of weeks before we discovered our error.

To those of you who are non-subscribers, we invite you to come in and lay down a dollar and a half for a year's subscription. Nowhere can you get more for your money. Just look us over—two good continued stories; review of current events, news pictures, features, editorials, as much of the local news as they'll let us print, a community education program that wont's hurt any of us to read, and this column of these and those.

That's all.

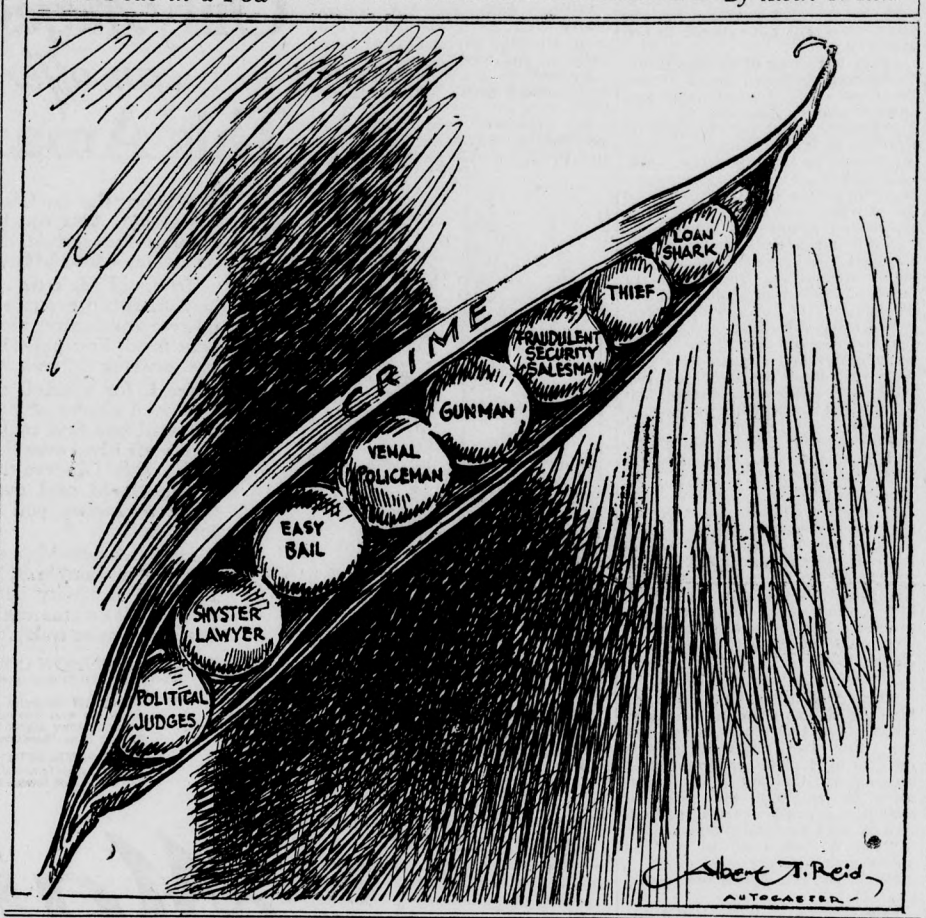
Oregonian, Kin Of Local People, Will Teach In The Islands

Miss Miriam J. Sylvester of Silverton, Ore., arrived Sunday to spend a few days with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Whitman. Miss Sylvester will sail Saturday from San Francisco on the S. S. Malolo for the Hawaaiian islands where she will teach biology in the high school at Hamakuapoko on the island of Maui.

NOTICE

Captain Jack Pacheco of the county traffic bureau announces that all people who have not applied for and taken their examinations for operator's licenses may still do so every Wednesday at the office of Ralph H. Hyde. No definite time has been set for the closing of the examinations and there will be an officer at the Hyde office every Wednesday to take care of applicants as long as business warrants.

Like Peas in a Pod — *By Albert T. Reid*



BIG PURSES ARE TO FEATURE LIVESTOCK EXHIBIT AT THE FAIR

"The World's Greatest Horticultural Show" is the title given the California Diamond Jubilee state fair and western exposition to be held in Sacramento for ten days beginning Aug. 31. It is no named because of the large display of deciduous, citrous and subtropical fruits by the 58 counties of California, which cannot be surpassed anywhere in the world for quality and variety. Every county will be represented with exhibits in the horticultural and educational departments, and six other states, the Republic of Mexico and the Kern county farm of President Hoover, will have displays at the fair.

America's finest livestock will compete for $37,000 in cash prizes besides numerous trophies and medals. In the beef and dairy cattle divisions alone the awards total more than $18,000. Purses aggregating $34,000 are offered for the harness and running races and $23,600 will be awarded in the horse show which will be the principal evening attraction of the exposition.

Typical of the historic theme which will prevail in the exhibits at the fair is the display being prepared by Sonoma county.

It was in this county that formal declaration of California's independence from the Mexican government was made and the Bear flag raised in the plaza at the town of Sonoma.

This great moment in the state's history is to be portrayed at the fair in a beautiful exhibit. The big picture, 12 by 30 feet, will be wrought with dried fruits—prunes, pears, apples, peaches, apricots, raisins and many other products.

Other parts of the exhibit will show the great variety of agricultural resources of the county which ranks eighth in the United States in the production of agricultural wealth.

The fifth anniversary of the founding of Camp Lillard will be observed during the state fair's 75th anniversary. Camp Lillard is conducted under the direct supervision of Julian A. McPhee, chief of the California bureau of agricultural education. The camp will be held open for exhibition the first three days of the fair and is to be operated on semi-military lines.

Centerville, S. Dak. Families Gather At C. H. Whitman Home

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Whitman had for their guests Sunday Mr. and Mrs. John Lockhart and family, and Mrs. E. Smithers, all of Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Holmquist and son of Oakland. All the people were at one time residents of Centerville, S. Dak.

A picnic dinner at the Los Gatos park was enjoyed by the Whitman's and their guests. Others present at the picnic were Mr. and Mrs. Ben Critchlow and Miss Alice Narramore of San Jose and Mr. and Mrs. George Parso. Mr. Parso was celebrating his birthday a day in advance and a large birthday cake was a feature of the outing.

! LOST !

A small yellow tiger kitten from 55B South First street, this (Tuesday) evening. A suitable reward will be paid for its return to Mrs. R. H. Knappen at the above address or at the office of the Campbell Press.

LA RINCONADA GOLF CLUB TO HOLD ITS ANNUAL ELECTION

The annual election of directors for the La Rinconada Golf and country club will take place Aug. 31 at 3 o'clock at the clubhouse. Fifteen directors will be elected, seven to serve one year and eight to serve two years. The usual business will come up for discussion.

The fairways and green have improved since earlier in the season and the course is becoming more popular with local golfers.

A good representation from the club plan to attend the tournament at Del Monte Sept. 2 to 7. Plans are being completed for a tournament between local club members some time in September.

SEVENTH OPERA SEASON TO OPEN IN SAN FRANCISCO

It will be of interest to local music-lovers to know that the opening of the seventh annual opera season of the San Francisco opera company will occur Sept. 12 at the Dreamland auditorium in San Francisco.

There are some who are more deeply interested in the opera itself than in the singer. For tragic drama, closing with the operatically traditional death, there are Rigoletto, Il Trovatore, La Boheme, Pagliacci, Aida, Faust and Manon.

Hansel and Gretel is offered as a matinee so that the children may everybody will want to hear this beautiful "Peter Pan" of the opera.

The Elixer of Love, the Barber of Seville, Martha, and Don Pasquale are regular "tired business man" operas. Their rollicking action makes their stories clear, and the melody in the scores is good for tired nerves. Gianni Schicchi's humor is subtle.

Seats are now selling at Sherman Clay & Co. in San Francisco and by writing the San Francisco Opera association at 68 Post street you may secure an attractive booklet covering the opera season.

Miss Olive Hanger will teach art and music the next term in the Pacific Grove elementary school. Miss Hanger is the daughter of Mrs. Rose Hanger.

—c—

Miss Ruth Lewis of Vineland, N. J., visited with Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Newcomb Tuesday. Miss Lewis is making a tour of California.

BUSINESS AND CIVIC LEADERS UNITE FOR TOWN'S BETTERMENT

PUBLICITY CAMPAIGN ON COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT TO RUN IN COLUMNS OF CAMPBELL PRESS

A group of our leading business men have announced their willingness to give of their time and money to promote a campaign for the greater development of Campbell. At the present time Campbell can be greatly benefited by such a campaign.

Hundreds of cities and towns throughout the United States are awakening their citizens to the possibilities for the expansion of their communities. The competition for growth, and prosperity between towns and cities everywhere is becoming more intensified each day. This severe competition between communities is the fundamental reason why the community development movement is sweeping the entire United States. Aggressive towns and cities are determined to develop and prosper. Their aggressiveness and determination insure that they will succeed, and their success will be achieved at the expense of those communities that not been awake to their opportunities.

Communities cannot stand still. They must progress and prosper or they will decline and decay. What will be the future of Campbell? The answer is given by this group of loyal citizens who are making this Greater Development Campaign possible. Campbell will keep in step with progress. Campbell will grow and prosper.

Co-Operation From All

Every resident of Campbell is interested in its future and will therefore welcome the news of this community building campaign. The ultimate success of any campaign of this kind depends upon two things: First, a thorough knowledge of the fundamental factors that make for a successful community; second, the co-operation of every resident of the community.

Knowledge is power in every endeavor. Successful individuals, and successful corporations have a superior knowledge in their line of endeavor. Successful communities are those whose citizens possess a thorough knowledge of the principles underlying community success. Fortunately this knowledge is available.

Because of their desire that Campbell shall become a better place to live in, and through their generosity as exemplified by their willingness to underwrite the cost of the entire campaign, a few of our fellow citizens will make this knowledge available to every resident of Campbell.

Once each week for the next 12 months the Campbell Press will present an illustrated article covering some phase of community development that every citizen should be familiar with. Each week for the next 52 weeks some factor of community advancement will be fully discussed, pointing the way to a better and more prosperous Campbell. The Press is proud to be able to present to its readers this epoch making series. It feels that by doing so it is rendering another great service, not only to its readers but to the whole community as well.

Knowledge Is Power

The articles that have been presented have been prepared by a corps of authorities who have spent years in the study of community problems—problems such as those facing Campbell today. Every article is founded upon actual facts secured from the analysis of thousands of communities in every part of the United States.

During the next 52 weeks, by means of this Community Development program, every man, woman and child in this community will enjoy the opportunity of becoming familiar with the success building qualities essential to the greater development of Campbell. This will be the most comprehensive program ever presented in this part of the United States.

There is not a single activity in the community life of Campbell that will not be covered in this Greater Development Campaign. Those activities and institutions of Campbell that stand for progress will be brought to the attention of all, while the weaknesses will also be pointed out so they may be strengthened. Each article will serve as a guide post, pointing the way toward the goal of our desires, a better and bigger Campbell.

A generation ago a campaign of this nature would have been impossible. At that time, rarely was the development of the communities handled on a well organized plan—more often towns and cities merely drifted, some toward prosperity, while others slipped into oblivion. Today, however, community building has become a science. By scientific methods a community can be analyzed, diagnosed in a manner not unlike the physician examines and diagnoses the individual. As the doctor prescribes for the individual, in a like manner the community specialist prescribes for the betterment of the community. This development campaign brings to Campbell citizens the latest thought on community building from the best scientific minds on this subject.

The greatest good from this development program can only be secured through the heartiest co-operation and support of every man, woman and child in Campbell. This progressive movement merits their support. The necessary funds have been provided, but it must be remembered that its ultimate success demands that everyone join into the spirit of the campaign.

We are fortunate in possessing the type of citizens in Campbell that rally to the support of this community whenever called upon. Our citizens have always responded nobly to all movements for the promotion of a greater community welfare.

Because of this loyalty, the Press feels assured that the Development Campaign will be highly successful. That it will receive the heartiest co-operation of everyone in town. The result will be a Greater Campbell.

Supported by Town Leaders

The campaign is on, the opening article appears as a full page in this issue of the Press. Turn to this page, read every word that appears there. Stop and think of what you can do to make Campbell a better place in which to live. Join in supporting this great program by lending your assistance. If you will do this, and if your neighbors will do this, then there can be only one answer regarding the outcome of this campaign—it will be crowned with success.

Remember that the Campbell Development Campaign comes to you through the courtesy of its sponsors. The following organizations and individuals, by their financial support are making the campaign possible:

Bernhardt's
Campbell Laundry
Campbell Press
Clark's Drug Store
B. O. Curry
G. E. Farley
Haliwell & Jones
Ralph H. Hyde
Shadle's Drug Store
Peter Pan Bakery
Watkins—Cleaner and Tailor
Busy Bee Restaurant
C. H. Whitman

Guests Of Carl Field Family Will Visit In Southern California

Dr. J. B. Field and children and Miss Florence Felton concluded their week's visit with Dr. Field's brother, Carl Field, and family, and left Friday for Yosemite. Enroute to their home in McPherson, Kan., they will visit at Los Angeles, Long Beach and scenic points in southern California.

The TRAIL OF '98

A Northland Romance

By ROBERT W. SERVICE

WNU Service

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

CHAPTER I

—1—

AS FAR back as I can remember I have faithfully followed the banner of Romance. It has given color to my life, made me a dreamer of dreams, a player of parts. As a boy, roaming along the wild heather hills, I have heard the glad shouts of the football players on the green, yet never settled to join them. Mine was the richer, rarer joy. The spirit of Romance beaconed to me. I would adventure in the stranger lands, and face their perils and brave their dangers. The joy of the thought exulted in my veins, and scarce could I bide the day when the roads of chance and change would be open to my feet.

It is strange that in all these years I confided in no one. Garry, who was my brother and my dearest friend, would have laughed at me in that affectionate way of his. You would never have taken us for brothers. He was the handsomest boy I have ever seen, frank, fair-skinned and winning, while I was dark, dour and none too well favored. He was clever, practical and ambitious, excelling in all his studies; whereas, except in those which appealed to my imagination, I was a dullard and a dreamer.

Yet we loved each other as few brothers do. Not excepting mother. Garry knew me better than any one has ever done, and I loved him for it. It seems overfond to say this, but he did not have a fault; tenderness, humor, enthusiasm, sympathy and the beauty of a young god—all that was manfully endearing was expressed in this brother of mine.

Our home was an ideal one; Garry, tall, fair and winsome; myself dark, dreamy, reticent; and between us, linking all three in a perfect bond of love and sympathy, our gentle, delicate mother.

Mother must have worried a good deal over my future. Garry was the young laird, and I was but an idler, a burden on the estate. At last I told her I wanted to go abroad, and then it seemed as if a great difficulty was solved. We remembered of a cousin who was sheep-ranching in the Saskatchewan valley and had done well. It was arranged that I should join him as a pupil, then, when I had learned enough, buy a place of my own. It may be imagined that while I apparently acquiesced in this arrangement, I had already determined that as soon as I reached the new land I would take my destiny in my own hands.

Then as the hour of my departure drew near a shadow fell on us. If I broke down in unmanly grief, it must be remembered I had never before been from home. Mother gave up trying to be brave, and mingled her tears with mine.

"Don't cry, sweetheart mother," I said; "I'll be back again in three years."

"Mind you do, my boy, mind you do."

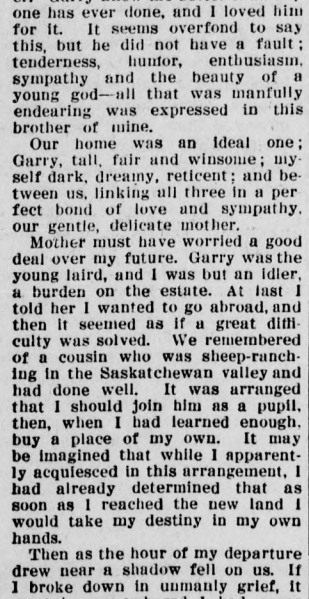
She looked at me woefully sad, and I had a queer, heartrending prevision I would never see her more. Garry was pale and quiet, but I could see he was vastly moved.

"Athol," said he, "if ever you need me just send for me. I'll come, no matter how long or how hard the way."

I can see them to this day standing there in the drenching rain, Garry fine and manly, mother small and drooping.

"Good-by, laddie, good-by."

"I forced myself away, and stumbled on board. When I looked back



A Big Contractor Wanted Fifty Men Immediately.

again they were gone, but through the gray shadows there seemed to come back to me a cry of heartache and irremediable loss.

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It was on a day of early autumn when I stood knee-deep in the heather of Glengyle, and looked wistfully over the gray sea. 'Twas but a month later when, homeless and friendless, I stood on the beach by the Cliff house of San Francisco, and gazed over the fretful waters of another ocean. Such is the romance of destiny.

Consigned, so to speak, to my cousin, the sheepraiser of the Saskatchewan, I found myself setting foot on the strange land with but little heart for my new vocation. My mind, cramful of book notions, craved for the larger life. I was valiantly mad for adventure; to fare forth haphazardly; to come upon naked danger; to feel the bludgeonings of mischance; to tramp, to starve, to sleep under the stars. It was the callow boy-idea perpetuated to the man, and it was to lead me a sorry dance. But I could not overbear it.

The notion of the South Seas was ever in my head. I loafed in the sunshine, sitting on the pier-edge, with eyes fixed on the lazy shipping. These were care-free, irresponsible days, and not, I am convinced, entirely misspent. I came to know the worthies of the wharfside, and plunge into an underworld of fascinating repellency. I rubbed shoulders with eager necessity, scrambled for free lunches in frowsy barrooms, and amid the scum and debris of the waterside found much food for sober thought.

I was, too, a seeker of curious experience, and this was to prove my undoing. One foggy midnight, coming up Pacific street with its glut of saloons, I was clouted shrewdly from behind and dropped most neatly in the gutter. When I came to, very sick and dizzy in a side alley, I found I had been robbed of my pocketbook with nearly all my money therein. Fortunately, I had left my watch in the hotel safe, and by selling it was not entirely destitute; but the situation forced me from my citadel of pleasant dreams, and confronted me with the grimmer realities of life.

With some thirty-odd dollars standing between me and starvation, it was obvious I must become a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, and to this end I haunted the employment offices. One morning, on seeking my favorite labor bureau, I found an unusual flutter among the benchwarmers. A big contractor wanted fifty men immediately. With a number of others I pressed forward, was interviewed and accepted. The same day we were marched in a body to the railway depot and herded into a fourth-class car.

Where we were going I knew not; of what we were going to do I had no inkling.

I left San Francisco blanketed in gray fog and besomed by a roaring wind; when I opened my eyes I was in a land of spacious sky and broad, clean sunshine. It seemed like a land of promise, of song and sunshine, and silen and apart I sat to admire and to enjoy.

"Looks pretty swell, don't it?"

I will call him the Prodigal. He was about my own age, but sun-browned and healthy. His eyes twinkled with a humorous light, but his face was shrewd and alert and aggressive.

"Yes," I said soberly, for I have always been backward with strangers.

"Pretty good line. The banana belt. Eternal summer. Ever been here before?"

"No."

"Neither have I. Glad I came, even if it's to do the horny-handed son of toil stunt."

"Where are we going, have you any idea?" I asked.

"Search me," he said. "Only thing you can bank on, they'll work the Judas out of us. The gentle grafter nestles in our midst. This here's a cinch game and we are the fall guys."

He talked on with a wonderfully vivid manner and an outpouring knowledge of life, so that I was hugely interested. Yet ever and anon an allusion of taste would betray him, and at no time did I fail to see that his roughness was only a veneer. And it turned out that he was better educated by far than I, a Yale boy taking a post-graduate course in the University of Hard Luck.

My reserve once thawed, I told him much of my simple life. He listened, intently, sympathetic.

"Say," said he earnestly when I had finished. "You're green, if you'll excuse me saying it, and maybe I can help you some. Likewise, you're the only one in all the gang of hobos that's my kind. Let's be partners."

I felt drawn to him and agreed.

CHAPTER II

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ON EITHER side of us were swift hills mottled with green and gold, ahead a curdle of snow-capped mountains, above a sky of robin's-egg blue. The morning was lyric and set our hearts piping as we climbed the canyon. About mid day we reached the end. Gangs of men were everywhere, ripping and tearing at the mountainside. Everywhere was the feverish activity of a construction camp.

We sat that night by the crackling blaze of mesquite, sagebrush and live-oak limbs, and he told me many a strange story of his roving life.

"You know, the old man's all broke up at me playing the fool like this. He's got a glue factory in Massachusetts. Guess he stacks up about a million or so. Wanted me to go into the glue factory, begin at the bottom, stay with it. But not little Willie. Life's too interesting a proposition to be turned down like that. I'm not repentant. I know the fatted calf's waiting for me, getting fatter every day. One of these days I'll go back and sample it."

It was he I first heard talk of the Great White Land, and it stirred me strangely.

"Every one's crazy about it. They're rushing now in thousands, to get there before the winter begins. Next spring there will be the biggest stampede the world has ever seen. Say, Scotty, I've the greatest notion to try it. Let's go, you and I. There's the gold, shining, shining, and it's calling to us. I don't care one rip for the value of it. I can make all I want out of glue. But the adventure, the excitement, it's that that makes me fit for the foolish house."

He was silent a long time while my imagination conjured up terrible, fascinating pictures of the vast, unawakened land, and a longing came over me to dare its shadows.

As we said good night, his last words were:

"Remember, Scotty, we're both going to join the Big Stampede, you and I."

I slept but fitfully, for the night air was nipping, and the bunkhouse nigh as open as a cage. In the afternoon I was put to work in the gravel pit.

There were four of us. We threw the gravel against a screen where the finer stuff sifted through was used in making concrete.

Heigh-ho! what a life it was. Resting, eating, sleeping; negative pleasures became positive ones. Life's great principle of compensation worked on our behalf, and to lie at ease, reading an old paper, seemed an exquisite enjoyment.

I was much troubled about the Prodigal. He complained of muscular rheumatism, and except to crawl to meals was unable to leave his bunk. Yet he bore his sufferings with great spirit, and, among that nondescript crew, he was a thing of joy and brightness, a link with that other world which was mine own. They nicknamed him "Happy," his cheerfulness was so invincible.

One morning I woke about six, and found pinned to my blanket, a note from my friend:

"Dear Scotty:

"I grieve to leave you thus, but the cruel foreman insists on me working off my ten days' board. Racked with pain as I am, there appears to be no alternative but flight. Accordingly I fade away once more into the unknown. Will write you general delivery, Los Angeles. Good luck and good-by. Yours to a cinder.

"HAPPY."

There was a hue and cry after him, but he was gone, and a sudden disgust for the place came over me. For two days I worked, crushed by a gloom that momently intensified. Clamant and imperative in me was the voice of change. I could not become toil-broken, so I saw the foreman.

"Why do you want to go?" he asked reproachfully.

"Well, sir, the work's too monotonous."

"Monotonous! Well, that's the rummiest reason I ever heard a man give for quitting. But every man knows his own business best."

* * * * * * *

Los Angeles will always be written in golden letters in the archives of my memory. Crawling, sore and sullen, from the clutch of toil, I reveled in a lotus life of ease and idleness. Living was incredibly cheap. For seventy-five cents a week I had a little sunlit attic, and for ten cents I could dine abundantly. So, dreaming and roaming the streets, I spent my days in a state of beatitude.

But my small capital could not last forever, and the time came when once more the grim face of toil confronted me, and again I found myself mixing with the spineless residuum of the employment bureau.

I got work as an orange-picker. It was a matter of swinging long ladders into fruit-flaunting trees, of sunshiny days and fluttering leaves, of golden branches plundered, and boxes filled from sagging sacks. There is no more ideal occupation. I reveled in it. Possibly I would have gone on, contented enough, perched on a ladder high up in the sunlit sway of tree top, had not the work come to an end. When I counted my savings and found I had four hundred dollars and ninety-five cents, such a feeling of affluence came over me that I resolved to gratify my taste for travel. Accordingly, I purchased a ticket for San Diego, and once more found myself southward bound.

A few days in San Diego reduced my small capital to the vanishing point, yet it was with a light heart I turned north again and took the All-Tie route for Los Angeles. I was absolutely penniless. The Lord looks after His children, said I, and when I became too inexorably hungry I asked for bread, emphasizing my willingness to do a stunt on the woodpile. Perhaps it was because I was young and notably a novice at vagrancy, but people were very good to me.

On arriving in Los Angeles I went to the post office. There was a letter from the Prodigal dated New York, and inclosed fourteen dollars, which he owed me. He said:

"I returned to the paternal roof, weary of my role. The fatted calf awaited me. Nevertheless I am sick again for the unhallowed swine-husks. Meet me in 'Frisco about the end of February, and I will a glorious proposition unfold. Don't fail. Look for a letter in the General Delivery.

There was no time to lose, as February was nearly over. I took a steerage passage to San Francisco, resolving that I would mend my fortunes. It is so easy to drift. I saw that as long as I remained friendless and unknown nothing but degraded toil was open to me. Surely I could climb up, but was it worth while? A snug farm in the Northwest awaited me. I would work my way back there, and arrive decently clad. Then none would know of my humiliation. I had been wayward and foolish, but I had learned something.

What with steamer fare and a few small debts to settle, I found when I landed in San Francisco that once more I was flatly broke. There was no letter for me, and perhaps it was on account of my disappointment, perhaps on account of my extreme shabbiness, but I found I had quite lost heart. So I tightened my belt and sat in Portsmouth square, cursing myself for the many nickels I had squandered in riotous living.

I was drowsing on my bench when some one addressed me.

"Say, young fellow, you look pretty well used up."

An elderly, gray-haired man came and sat by me.

"Come, buck up, kid, you're pretty near down and out. I've been studyin' you for two days. Let's go and feed."

He took me to a restaurant where he ordered a dinner that made my head swim.

My benefactor was rather under medium height, but so square and solid you felt he was a man

"Come, Buck Up, Kid, You're Pretty Near Down and Out."

to be reckoned with. His mouth was firm and his chin resolute. Altogether his face was a curious blend of benevolence and ruthless determination.

"Feel better, son? Well, go ahead an' tell me as much of your story as you want to."

I gave an account of all that had happened to me since I had set foot on the new land.

"Huh!" he ejaculated when I had finished. "I'm glad by the grace of God I've been the means of givin' you a hand-up. Better come to my room an' stop with me till somethin' turns up. I'm goin' north in three days. I'm goin' to join this crazy rush to the Klondike. I've been minin' for twenty years. Arizona, Colorado, all over, an' now I am a-goin' to see if the North hasn't got a stake for me."

In his room he told me of his life.

"I'm saved by the grace of God but I've been a Bad Man. I've been everything from a city marshal to boss gambler. I have gone heeled for two years thinking to get my pass to hell at any moment. It's all over now, an' I've seen the evil of my ways, but I've got to talk once in a while. I'm Jim Hubbard, known as 'Salvation Jim,' an' I know minin' from Genesis to Revelation. Once I used to gamble an' drink the limit. One morning I got up from the card table after sitting there thirty-six hours. I'd lost five thousand dollars. I knew they'd handed me out 'cold turkey,' but I took my medicine.

"Right then I said I'd be a crook, too. I learned to play with marked cards. I could tell every card in the deck. I went after the suckers. There was never a man did me dirt but I paid him with interest. Of course, it's different now. The Good Book says: 'Do good unto them that harm you.' I guess I would, but I wouldn't recommend no one to try and harm me. I might forget."

The heavy, aggressive jaw shot forward; the eyes gleamed with a fearless ferocity, and for a moment the man took on an air that was almost tigerish. I could scarce believe my sight; yet the next instant it was the same cheerful, benevolent face, and I thought my eyes must have played me some trick.

Perhaps it was that sedate Puritan strain in me that appealed to him, for we became great friends. He told me of the girl he married and worshiped, and of the man who broke up his home. Once more I saw that flitting tiger-look appear on his face and vanish immediately. He told me of his wild days.

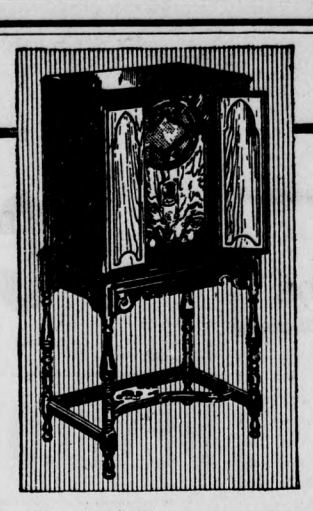
(TO BE CONTINUED)

Way of All Flesh

It is a man with a true understanding of life and philosophy who notes that when you lose at poker everybody loves you, but that when you lose at bridge your partner contemplates assassination.—Worchester Daily Telegram.

Peace at Last!

A New York man married 31 years and with a family of nine children ran away from home and got a job in a deaf and dumb hospital. Well he knew what he wanted—and got it.



MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE AIR

Model 92

Power Detection and the new -45 tubes plus four tuned stages of radio frequency. Absolutely no hum and no oscillation at any wave length. Automatic Sensitivity control gives uniform range and power all over the dial. Improved Majestic Super-Dynamic Speaker. Heavy, sturdy Majestic power unit, with positive voltage ballast. Jacobean period cabinet of American Walnut. Doors of matched butt walnut with overlays on doors and interior panel of genuine imported Australian lacewood. Escutcheon plate, knobs and door pulls finished in genuine silver.... $179.50 less tubes

Only *Majestic* Dealers *can offer you* This Amazing Value!

YOU buy the *world's finest radio* when you buy a Majestic. And you buy it at a *quantity* price because the public demands it in *enormous* quantities—5000 Majestics a day!

To equal Majestic quality, to equal Majestic craftsmanship, to equal Majestic engineering, any other manufacturer would *have* to charge you at least $300. You pay $179.50 for this Majestic—*and save the difference!*

See it for yourself at your Majestic dealer's. Note the charm of the cabinet design. Where else will you find such choice matched woods? Run your hand over the rich piano finish. Then look *inside!* Observe the *size* of Majestic units—over-powered and over-strengthened at every point to insure you reliable year-round performance.

Hear this new Majestic in *side-by-side* test with sets costing double $179.50. Compare its range, its sharp selectivity, its tremendous volume—but *most of all* its amazing realism of tone. See your Majestic dealer today.

GRIGSBY-GRUNOW COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.
World's Largest Manufacturer of Complete Radio Receivers

TUNE IN Majestic Theatre of the Air over Columbia and American Broadcasting Systems every Sunday night, 9 to 10 Eastern Daylight Saving Time. Headliners of the Stage and Screen.

TIME PAYMENTS in the purchase of Majestic Receivers are financed through the Majestic Plan at lowest available rates.

Majestic RADIO

Licensed under patents and applications of R. C. A. and R. F. L., also by Jeltiphone, Lowell & Dunmore and Hogan Licensee Associates.

Pathos in Passing of Old-Time Family Album

The London Sunday Times notes the wane of ancestor worship (western type):

"Ancestor worship is, apparently, on the wane. A French writer has pointed out that the custom of keeping a family album is no longer popular, and draws from the fact a moral concerning the decay in pride of race. There is, indeed, a certain pathos in the decline of the album of family portraits.

"There is pathos in it, and there is danger, too. How many a man, in years gone by, tottering on the verge of dipsomania, has been saved by the recollection of 'his sisters and his cousins, whom he reckoned up in dozens?' How many a man was rescued from the primrose path by the contemplation of Aunt Susan, awful in her shoulder-of-mutton sleeves? Today, alas! it is unlikely that the forger's hand would be stayed, the burglar's jimmy arrested, by the solemn thought that Great-Uncle Robert would never have acted thus."

Protect Silk Stockings

Many have found that washing stockings with 20 Mule Team Borax and a mild soap saves money on their annual bill for hosiery. Borax softens water, aids soap and keeps stockings fresh and sweet smelling.—Adv.

Friends of Youth

Both Alfred E. Smith and President Hoover are ardent believers in young men. To the latter a graybeard said in Paris during the World war:

"But young men are totally lacking in experience."

"Pooh," said Mr. Hoover. "What's the good, after all, of knowing what the weather was like day before yesterday?"

If you wish beautiful clear white clothes, use Russ Ball Blue. Large package at Grocers.—Adv.

Steering Ships by Echoes

The fathometer is an instrument that measures the depth of water by timing electric echoes. This instrument enables navigating officers to pilot their course as accurately in darkness and fog as in daylight and clear weather.

A woman knows that her gown isn't a perfect fit when another woman tells her that it is.

Short-Lived Politeness

"Politeness is all very well."

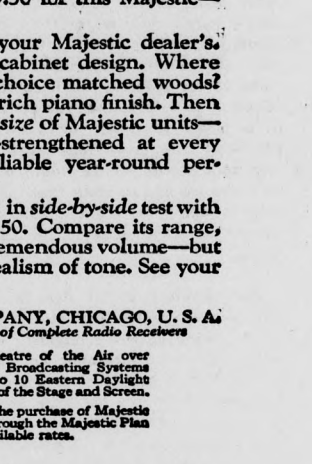
"Well?"

"But it fills me with mixed emotion when the telephone girl thanks me and then gives me the wrong number."

Brief History

"How was the first night of the new play?"

"Its last."



NEVER wait to see if a headache will "wear off." Why suffer when there's Bayer Aspirin? The millions of men and women who use it in increasing quantities every year prove that it does relieve such pain. The medical profession pronounces it without effect on the heart, so use it as often as it can spare you any pain. Every druggist always has genuine Bayer Aspirin for the prompt relief of a headache, colds, neuralgia, lumbago, etc. Familiarize yourself with the proven directions in every package.

BAYER ASPIRIN

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Itching Skin

Eczema, Poison Ivy, Barber's Itch, Scalp Affections, Ringworms, etc., quickly yield to McKinnie's Mexican Remedy. Used since 1877. Surpassing all. No waiting; action prompt, sure, certain; at all druggists, 35c. Large size $1.00 or address

F. C. McKINNIE, Pharmaceutical Chemist
649 E. 32d St., Los Angeles Samples Free

1. Mrs. Susan D. Grove of Hagerstown, Md., sixty-nine-year-old grandmother, who plans a trip over Niagara Falls in a rubber ball in September. 2. The Graf Zeppelin sailing along the New Jersey coast line toward Lakehurst. 3. Scene in Communist summer camp near Kenosha, Wis., where children of Chicago and Milwaukee were being taught the economic principles of the Reds.

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Graf Zeppelin Arrives and Starts Back on Trip Around World.

GRAF ZEPPELIN, the great German dirigible, was the feature of the week's news. Its second crossing of the Atlantic, from Friedrichshafen to New York, was made without mishap, and after flying over the metropolis it came to the ground at Lakehurst, N. J., in a perfect night landing. Nineteen fare-paying passengers, one stowaway and a miscellaneous cargo that included one chimpanzee, one gorilla and 600 canaries were brought over in comfort and safety.

Three days later the big airship, having been refueled, started back to Germany on what is planned to be the first leg of a trip around the world. The only stops are to be at Friedrichshafen, Tokio, Los Angeles, and again Lakehurst. If the Zeppelin keeps to her schedule she will arrive at the New Jersey hangar on August 29. Twenty-two passengers were taken on the eastbound trip. Those who intended to continue aboard for the globe circling journey included William B. Leeds, Lady Grace Drummond Hay, Carl Von Wiegand, Joaquin Rickard, Sir Hubert Wilkins, Lieut. Jack Richardson, Lieut. Commander C. E. Rosendahl and C. B. Burgess, the last three being sent by the United States Navy department. Dr. Hugo Eckener, as on the previous flight, is pilot of the dirigible, but it was reported that after this world tour he would relinquish its command and devote himself to the management of the Zeppelin company, of which he is the business head.

Rear Admiral William A. Moffett, chief of the naval bureau of aeronautics, while praising the successful trip of the Graf Zeppelin, calls attention to the act that our navy is now building at Akron, Ohio, two dirigibles that will be about twice the size of the German airship. Work on these vessels has been going on for some time and the admiral says the first of them will be put into use in 1931. Each will be filled with six and one-half million cubic feet of helium gas and will carry five airplanes attached to the bag.

One novelty in aviation is to be noted this week. A company has been formed in Kansas City to rent "fly-it-yourself" airplanes to persons who cannot afford to own and maintain planes. One hundred two-seater sport planes have been ordered and they will cost the renter between $15 and $20 an hour.

LIEUT. ALFORD J. WILLIAMS, America's lone hope in the international seaplane race for the Schneider trophy, to be run at Cowes, England, September 6 and 7, has produced his plane, without government backing but with the aid of Admiral Moffett, and was testing it out near Philadelphia last week. He believes it will prove to be the fastest ship in the world and that it will beat the time made by Major De Bernardi of Italy last year—318 miles an hour. The engine, of 24 cylinders in banks of six, will deliver 1,100 horsepower. The plane is a twin float monoplane, the fuselage, wings and fixed tail surfaces of wood and the control surfaces of metal.

Lieut. Florentin Bonnet of the French army, selected by the ministry of air to pilot the French entry in the Schneider cup races, was killed when the airplane in which he was training for the speed test was wrecked in leaving the airfield at Bordeaux. Bonnet was the holder of the world speed record for land airplanes.

EMINENT statesmen representing 12 world powers gathered in The Hague and on Tuesday opened a conference designed to liquidate the international problems left over from the World war. The chief matters to be settled were the adoption of the Young plan for German reparations, the evacuation of the Rhineland, and the establishment of a committee of conciliation and control to supervise the demilitarized zone of Germany along the western frontier. Whether all or any of these things could be arranged amicably at this conference was a bit doubtful. This was especially true concerning the Young plan, which in certain of its features was distasteful to every one of the powers except possibly France and Italy.

Philip Snowden, British chancellor of the exchequer, opened the discussion by frankly stating that the British government could not accept the Young scheme for division of reparations because it reduces England's share from 22 per cent to 18 per cent. He said: "Great Britain objects to the proposed division by which France gets five-sixths of the unconditional annuities—$11,900,000 out of $157,080,000. Italy gets a considerable annual sum, amounting to $10,000,000—much larger than under the Dawes plan. I hope for your forgiveness for my frank and firm speaking, but this division is utterly indefensible and the experts did not attempt to explain or justify it."

The smaller creditor powers, for which Premier Venizelos of Greece was the spokesman, also protested that their debts had been overlooked by the experts when they formulated the plan which "compresses" their reparations, but they said they had no intention of attacking the Young plan.

Representatives of France, Italy, Belgium and Japan defended the new plan as probably the best that could be devised, although each of them asserted his country was making sacrifices in accepting it. M. Cheron, French minister of finance, declared France accepted the plan in its entirety, without reservations, and considered it indivisible as the experts stated. Notwithstanding these expressions on behalf of the other nations, Mr. Snowden and Arthur Henderson, British foreign secretary, told the reporters positively that Great Britain would reject the proposed new division of reparations.

Two commissions were named by the conference, one to study the political consequences of adoption of the Young plan and the other to deal with the financial questions involved. These bodies may not get through their work for five or six weeks.

Dispatches from Rome said Italians generally were indignant at Snowden's speech, which they considered a churlish attack on the Latin nations and calculated to endanger the friendship between Italy and England. Berlin also disliked it, feeling that Snowden was trying to "squeeze still more out of the unfortunate German tax payers," and fearing that France, rather than quarrel with England, would compromise at Germany's cost.

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S law enforcement commission has divided its work into eleven sections and for each a committee has been named. Chairman George W. Wickersham himself is head of the committee to study prohibition, the other members being Newton D. Baker, Ada L. Comstock and Judge William S. Kenyon. No other single body of laws was singled out for such concentrated study as those concerning the Eighteenth amendment.

Judge Kenyon was designated chairman of the committee on lawlessness by government law-enforcing officers, which was made one of the subjects of special inquiry because of the recent use of firearms by prohibition agents in cases which aroused criticism in and out of congress. The committee on juvenile delinquency is headed by Miss Comstock, that on causes of crime by Henry W. Anderson of Virginia, statistics of crime and criminal justice by Dean Roscoe Pound of Harvard law college, police by Frank J. Loesch of Chicago, courts by Judge William I. Grubb of Alabama, prosecutions by Monte M. Lemann of New Orleans, penal institutions by Judge Kenneth Mackintosh of Washington state, criminal justice by Newton D. Baker, and cost of crime by Judge Paul J. McCormick of California.

FARMERS who wish to make cider and let it get hard will not be interfered with by the agents of prohibition if they don't sell the stuff. Treasury officials announced that no restrictions would be placed on the manufacture of cider and fruit juices in the home providing these beverages were not sold unlawfully and Mr. James M. Doran, prohibition commissioner, warned the dry agents not to molest the makers unless there was clear violation of the Volstead act.

Some of Wisconsin's wet legislators conceived the idea that the Badger state might go into the business of making and selling liquor without violating the eighteenth amendment or the Volstead act, so a resolution to submit to the people an amendment to the state constitution allowing the state to adopt the Canadian system of dispensing intoxicants was introduced. The measure, however, was defeated in the senate by a vote of 12 to 9.

"HOLD your wheat as long as possible in order to avoid increasing the congestion of the terminal markets," is in substance the message to wheat growers issued by the federal farm board. The board's statement said the crowding of the markets by unusually heavy shipments has caused a sharp depression of cash prices, authough there is every prospect of a crop shortage in the world supply, which naturally would make prices higher in domestic and foreign markets.

OUR federal prisons must be made bigger and better, especially because they are now so overcrowded with violators of the prohibition and narcotic laws, is the opinion of President Hoover. Consequently he has given his approval to a program of expansion of prison facilities that calls for the expenditure of $5,000,000 and includes the building of a new prison in the northeastern states. The penitentiaries at Atlanta and Leavenworth will be considerably enlarged.

VICTOR L. BERGER, former congressman from Wisconsin and for many years an international leader of the Socialist party, died in a Milwaukee hospital from injuries sustained in a street car accident in July. He was a determined fighter for the cause of socialism and though he got into trouble during the war because of his denunciation of capitalism, he was respected by his political enemies. He was elected to congress first in 1910, being the first Socialist to hold a seat in that body. Two famous inventors were claimed by death. They were Emile Berliner, who devised the disk phonograph and many other things, and Dr. Karl von Welsbach of Austria, best known for his invention of the incandescent gas mantle that bears his name and his development of metal filaments in electric lamps. Thorsten B. Veblen, noted economist and author, passed away at Menlo Park, Calif.; and Mary MacLane, who gained considerable fame a generation ago as the writer of a diary and several other books, died in Chicago.

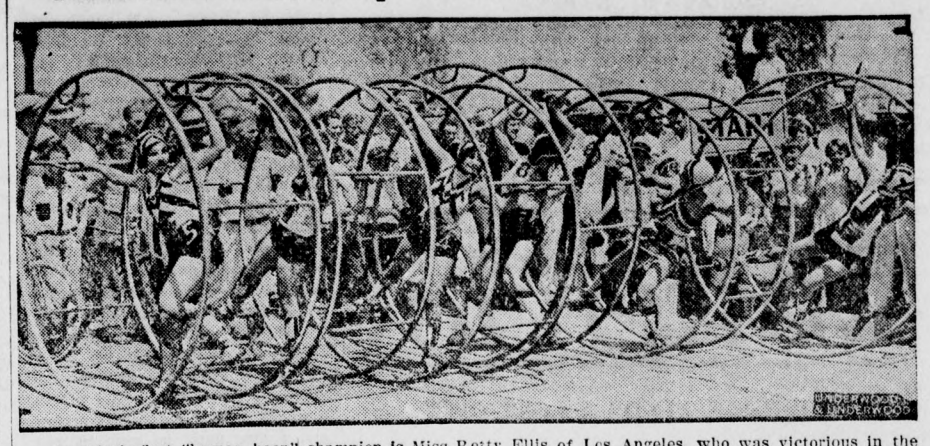
THERE is going to be a lively fight for the governorship of Virginia, for the Democrats who refused to bolt their party last fall because Al Smith was the Presidential candidate have nominated John Garland Pollard of William and Mary college to contest with Dr. William M. Brown, put up by the anti-Smith Democrats and the Republicans and backed by Bishop James Cannon, Jr. Professor Pollard was an active supporter of Smith.

Down in Georgia the split in the Democratic party was made wider by announcement of the anti-Smith faction that they would take no part in the primary called to select a candidate for congress to succeed the late Leslie J. Steele of the Fifth district but would concentrate their strength in the general election. There will be three aspirants for Steele's seat—a Republican, a regular Democrat and an anti-Smithite.

THAT old war between the On Leong and Hip Sing tongs broke out again in New York, Chicago and other large cities, and several slant-eyed gentlemen were shot to death. But United States District Attorney Charles H. Tuttle of New York threatened wholesale deportations unless the conflict ceased, so the tong leaders got together and signed a peace treaty.

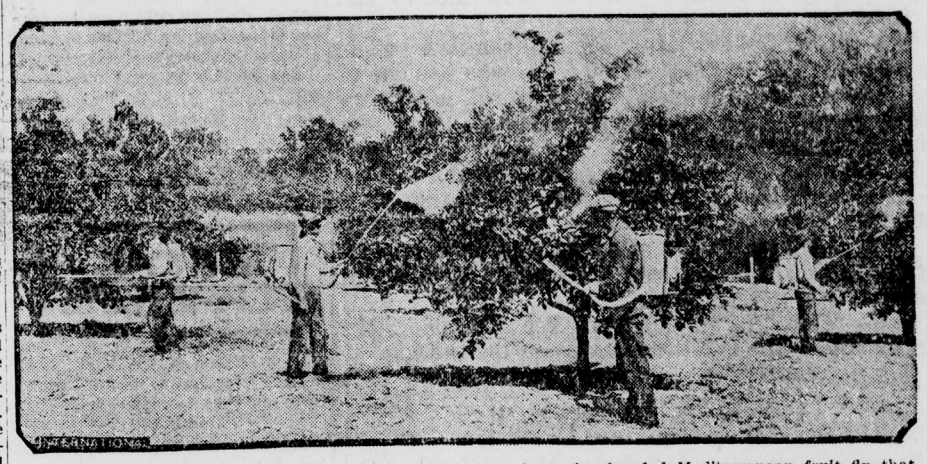
KING FUAD of Egypt and his prime minister left London with a proposal from the British government for giving Egypt the status of an independent nation and at the same time preserving in all essentials British control of the Land of the Nile. It is designed to satisfy the troublesome Egyptian nationalists without perilling British interests, and it must be accepted by a new freely elected Egyptian parliament.

First American Hoop Race Is Held in Los Angeles



America's first "human hoop" champion is Miss Betty Ellis of Los Angeles, who was victorious in the first American "aero-wheel" race, held at Carthay Circle, a suburb of the California city. Inasmuch as the contestants were all of the type which has helped to make southern California famous, cordons of police were called into service to hold back the cheering crowds. This photograph shows the lineup of the pretty human hoop rollers before the start of the race.

Fighting Mediterranean Fruit Fly in Florida



Florida is trying desperately to save its citrus groves from the dreaded Mediterranean fruit fly that has invaded the state and the federal government is helping in the fight. In the photograph is seen the spraying of trees with chemicals.

DIEGEL WINS AGAIN

Leo Diegel making a long drive at the Kanawaki course during the Canadian open championship which he won with a score of 274, the lowest score ever turned in at a major tournament. The German-American played matchless golf against such stars as Tommy Armour, Walter Hagen and Horton Smith, to win for the fourth time in the golf classic of Canada.

STARTING EARLY

This is Tracy B., sixteen-month-old son of Mrs. Fanny Dunway, of St. Louis, Mo., who is an addict, at his tender age, to Lady Nicotine. He is fond of cigars but prefers his pipe. Tracy has several brothers and sisters who are immensely proud of his attainment. The Dunway family recently moved up to St. Louis from the hills of Kentucky.

Big Employers of Labor

More than a million and a half people are employed in the building trades in this country, and this figure does not include the hundreds of thousands of other people engaged in the manufacture of building materials, home furnishings and equipment used in homes, those people engaged in the transportation of building materials by railway and truck, the coal companies that deliver fuel to the large manufacturers, and many others directly and indirectly dependent for their wages on conditions in the construction field.

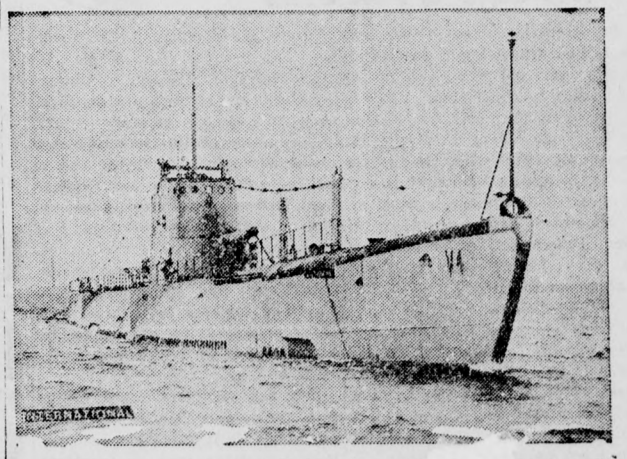
Ghetto Children Healthful

Children of Chicago's "gold coast" are less likely to reach the age of one year than a child of the ghetto, a survey has shown.

She Could Have Only One a Day

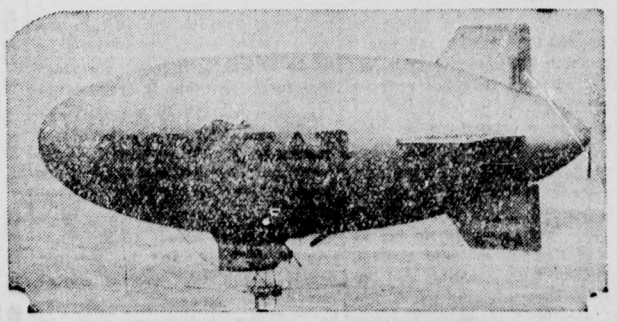
When the doctor prescribed only one cigarette a day for this English miss she was puzzled as to what to do until she solved the problem by having a Bond street firm manufacture one for her. The cigarette is a foot long and an inch in diameter. It contains two ounces of tobacco.

Submarine "Saved" in 23 Minutes



This submarine, the V-4, largest in the American navy, was "saved" from a watery grave off San Diego in 23 minutes by the use of the new emergency "lungs," into which air was pumped from the salvage ship Ortolan.

Goodyear Blimp Lands on the Sea



Equipped with pontoons, the Goodyear blimp Volunteer made a series of successful sea landings in the vicinity of Los Angeles harbor. Lieut. Karl Lange, pilot, said he experienced no particular difficulty. This was said to be the second time in the history of aviation that such a feat has been accomplished. About ten years ago a similar landing was made by a Goodyear ship.

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Editorial

LINDBERGH FINDS A LOST CITY

Always in the news! And he deserves to be. Charles Lindbergh.

His newest interest is air photography. While flying over a Yucatan jungle he discovered a lost city of Maya. He also has done some very important aerial photography of ancient ruins in New Mexico and Arizona.

The story of these latest accomplishments had to be pieced out from clues. Lindbergh, who has one of the biggest "news names" in the world, says very little about what he has done, and much less about what he intends to do.

In Sweden, where Lindbergh's ancestors came from, people believe in accomplishment rather than talk. This seems to be Lindbergh's belief too—and he is going right on, doing one important, vitally significant thing after the other. Constantly widening his interests.

And—refreshing in this day when everyone seeks the limelight—he is letting others do the talking.

DON'T BE AN OSTRICH

There is an ancient belief that the ostrich has the least discriminating appetite of all beasts.

Recently an autopsy was performed on a West African specimen, and the following things were found in the bird's "innards."

Several gloves, three handkerchiefs, wire clippings, a tire valve, a coin, several film spools and 65 articles of no known food value.

Science is to be congratulated on this discovery.

People will scoff at the idea that human beings may be as careless of their diet as this particular ostrich, but it is nevertheless true.

People who overeat, fill themselves when not hungry, or eat when angry or excited, are every bit as foolish in the matter of food as this ostrich. While it is true they do not consume gloves, handkerchiefs and tire valves, they consume many things that will ultimately prove just as harmful to them, and contain as little food value, as these articles.

Watch what you eat! Take only the purest, finest food into your system. Balance your diet—plan the proper combinations of food. Be careful of when and what you eat—*don't be an ostrich!*

Here's Howe

BY E.W. HOWE
"The Sage of Potato Hill"

A recent magazine writer contends that friendship is passing. It is the same old world—so far as friendship is concerned, and in nearly everything else, except that we have more tops to play with. The modern man, when time hangs heavily, turns on the radio, to see what sort of devilment is going on in other parts of the world; in an older generation, a bored man shouldered his rifle and went out to shoot an Indian.

I have observed that literature is unfriendly to men. Yet, in all fairness and justice, the most marvelous thing is the progress men have made. Tell me, if you can, a tale as wonderful as the growth of man from barbarism or worse to his present state.

A writer on a farm publication says: "No century has ever seen such a thing as rural extravagance." Extravagance is as common in the country as in the towns. When a rancher buys more machinery than he needs, and lets it stand out in the weather when not in use, what is that but extravagance?

When he overborrows at the bank, that is extravagance. When he spends more time in town than is necessary or profitable that is another exhibition of it. Farmers live too economically so far as food and housing go, and are too extravagant with agents, and in the use of their working hours. We sympathize with farmers because their calling is not very profitable. This is true of many others. Teachers and preachers are worse paid than farmers. There are millions of clerks not so well paid as farmers, and factory employes everywhere are appealing to the government and public for help. And in all the hullabaloo the fact remains that citizens of all classes may do pretty well in this fat country if they accept generous opportunities, and handle them with reasonable intelligence and efficiency. And the fact remains that those who chose to appeal for aid cannot be much helped by public appropriations or tears.

We can no more make everybody prosperous than we can make everybody healthy; there are elements entering into the problem going back to heredity, individualism; general preaching, general prayers, bulk sympathy will not do; life is a problem to each individual, and we can only treat him as well as he treats us.

I lately heard a woman talk of a male relative who had been a drunkard all his life, and she made one statement that interested me. She said all the man's relatives, friends and acquaintances were in league to keep him away from whiskey, but that he could go into any strange community anywhere on earth without funds, and within a few hours secure all the whiskey he wanted, and be howling drunk. Often the needful things may not be had for love or money, but whiskey and pistols seem to be within the reach of anyone wishing to use them.

I often hear of what mothers should "tell" young daughters. The first should be the agony and danger the best of wives suffer, the second, the inevitable disposition of men to be less thoughtful as husbands than as lovers. Such information is gross and material, but young girls are entitled to know what they are stepping into when they put on wedding dresses.

KIWANIS NOTES

The president division did the program today in commendable style. Ed Wiesendanger began presiding, turned it over to "Doc" Merrill who in turn passed the buck to T. A. Cutting. He read his poem on "Tea" and it proved him the laureate of this delegation without further contest. Dr. Walter Irving Merrill sang two baritone numbers much to the pleasure of all. Royal Page, the trumpeter, rendered two sacred numbers, accompanied by Dr. Merrill at the piano. Leroy Anderson, one of the best informed water conservationists in the valley, gave some interesting data on the present water conditions. In the last ten years the water level has dropped as much as 100 feet in some places, more in others. As this level lowers, pumps must be lowered with creased expense for the work and increased cost of operation. It is estimated that with average rainfall it will take 15 years to raise the water level to the old point in excess of that used by pumps if no pumping were done during that period. Petitions will soon be circulated asking for an election of a water conservation district.

Another ladies' night Tuesday with Rev. J. H. Bennett as chairman. Rev. Howard McConnell will give an account of his recent travels.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Bert C. Padias and Mabel G. Van Fossen, both local people, have filed intention to marry papers.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Steindorf of Los Gatos have moved into the Mrs. O. A. Putnam house on Winchester road.

—c—

Mrs. Frances Swane and son, Elwood, returned from Pasenta Saturday, where they had been visiting Mrs. Swane's brother, James Fablinger.

—c—

Mrs. Oluf Strom and daughter Nita are spending several weeks at Capitola.

—c—

Mrs. Belle Haine and daughter Clara returned to their home at Pinnacle Thursday after having spent the summer in Campbell. Mrs. Hain tutored pupils in German during her vacation. She is a teacher in the Cieaga district school, which opens early in September.

—c—

Mrs. Emily Duncan and son who have been visiting with the Frank Moody family for several weeks returned to her home in San Francisco Friday.

—c—

Mrs. Hazel Cilker and son Nathan Lester of San Francisco, who spent several days camping at Yosemite, returned home last week.

—c—

Miss Mary Woodbury left Thursday to resume her duties as teacher in an Oakland junior high school.

—c—

Prof. and Mrs. T. Marshall and son Maitland of St. Louis, are visiting with Mr.s Marshall's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Woodbury.

—c—

Mrs. Joseph Bohnett and daughter Grace motored to San Francisco Thursday to meet Mr. Bohnett's nephew, Walter Reichert of Lower Lake. Mr. Bohnett will accompany his nephew home for a visit of several days.

—c—

Mrs. Ralph Hyde and son Homer, and Mrs. Carl Field and children, who had been vacationing at Twin Lakes, returned to Campbell the latter part of last week.

—c—

Mrs. J. J. McNish, who has been in the San Jose hospital for two months as the result of an automobile accident, is home again and able to be around.

—c—

E. J. Bohnett of Alameda spent the week-end with his family and took them home with him.

—c—

On Aug. 13 Arthur Bobb of San Jose and Miss Gertrude Griffin, a local girl, filed their intention to marry.

—c—

Mrs. E. D. Howard of Los Angeles has been visiting her cousin, Mrs. Frank Coupland.

Campfire Girls Home From Big Basin Camp

Mrs. Louis Shelley, county executive of the Campfire girls, together with her assistants, brought the youngesters home Sunday evening after an outing of several weeks at Camp Wastahi in Big Basin. Mrs. Shelley's aid included Miss Verna Cutting, who helped prepare meals for the "gang" and the Misses Ruth Townsend and Elsie Merril, advisors to the girls.

Twenty Thousand
Forty Thousand
Sixty Thousand

JUST as the "80-mile" car insures smooth running at 50, so the surplus of mileage in the DUAL-Balloon gives incomparable assurance of trouble-free, uninterrupted running. Whether you keep your car a year, or two or more, in all probability you will never have a moment's delay chargeable to rubber.

Although rubber cost has advanced, tire prices are still based on the former low cost. The top quality tire is still within the reach of all.

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"Opposite Schools"
CAMPBELL, CALIF.

The New **GENERAL Dual-Balloon 8**

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CUTTING the WIRES at a Critical Moment

Messages interrupted . . . News delayed . . . Business transactions halted . . . this is what happens when a sudden storm interrupts the telegraph service.

There will be no "wires down" or "interruption" in the administration of your estate if you name American Trust Company as the executor and trustee of your will. By so doing you are assured of an executor and trustee of your own choice, and one who will be here to serve your family efficiently throughout the administration of your estate.

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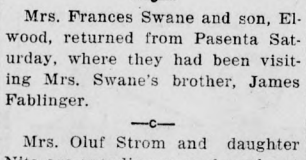

BLACK Silver Foxes

AN OPPORTUNITY of unlimited possibilities in the greatest money-making livestock industry of today. The price of breeding stock is reasonable and the market value of good pelts is steadily advancing. Buy your breeding stock from a local breeder who is in a position to supply you with pure-bred pedigreed black silver foxes of the original Dalton-Tuplin strain from Prince Edward Island, Canada. All stock registered in the American National Fox Breeders Association which maintains the only nationally recognized herd book of silver foxes.

Visitors welcome at the ranch; call now and make your selections for the next breeding season. Prices must be advanced on August first and again on September first. Ranch located on Sunnyvale-Cupertino-Saratoga highway one mile north of Cupertino at corner of Homestead road. Owner, Chris A. Nedderson, Deputy County Tax Collector, Hall of Justice, San Jose, California.

STARTING THIS WEEK

IN this thrilling and beautiful romance of the great Klondike gold rush, Mr. Service has re-created in prose much of the vividness and charm of his poetry—his "Spell of the Yukon," "Songs of a Sourdough," etc. It is intense in its interest and compelling in its appeal.

Will Appear in Serial Installments in

THE PRESS

FOURTH INSTALLMENT

At her boarding house in Yuma, Mem met an old man who told her of his partner of prospecting days—the name of Woodville reminded him of his friend's, which was Woodward "or something like that," as he remembered it—and how he had died in the desert.

His story offered her the way, possibly, to get rid of "Mr. Woodville." She would take him into the desert and let him "die"—of thirst!

She had found the way to be rid of her husband for the satisfaction of her people.

Now if she could only find a way to be rid of herself.

And that way came to her before the long day had burned itself away, for she heard two waitresses talking in the dining room below as they set the tables for supper.

"Who was that letter you got, from? some feller?'

'Nah! It was from a lady up to Palm Springs, asking me wasI comin' back up there this season."

"Are you?"

"Nah! Too quiet for me. Yuma aint no merry-go-round, but Palm Springs—my Gawd! It's just a little spot of shadder in the desert."

"This lady offer you a job?"

"Yes. She's on her knees to me. Mrs. Randle's her name. Husband's got a ranch. How'd you like to go there and take the job?"

The other voice moaned: "Me? Not much. I run away from home to git love and excitement!"

Mem had never heard of Palm Springs, but she was looking for just such a place. And a ranch! She had always wanted to see a ranch. She wanted to get away from everybody who had ever known her. She wanted to fiind some deep, dark cave.

Heat and fatigue whipped her into hysteria. She found energy enough for one last desperate letter home. Then she would declare her soul bankrupt and face the world free of responsibilities it! What right had she to pride?

And so she fared into the desert to become a "widow"—as she had become a "wife." She went there to find obscurity and concealment.

But everything went by contraries, and from that oasis she was to be caught up into a fiery chariot, for all the world to behold as it rolled her round and round the blobe on an amazing destiny.

* * * *

Mem was deposited at the lonely station of Palm Springs, and fear smothered her as she watched the train vanish into the glare. But a rancher, almost as shy as she, offered her the hospitality of his wagon. He said he was going past the Randle's ranch anyhow, and would leave her there.

After a time, Mem saw ahead of her a shimmering lake and treees and a waterfall.

"That's Palm Springs, I suppose," she said.

"No, ma'am, that's a miradge—a 'maginary miradge. They's nothin' there at all—no ma'am."

And now that Mem had learned her own eyes could lie to her with convincing vividness, suddenly, as the road led them within eyeshot of two vast hills of sand unspotted with vegetation, she saw what she was sure was pure mirage—a scene that must have come from her memory of a picture in an oldvolumne of Bible stories. She would almost have sworn that she looked into the desert of Araby, for she seemed to see a train of camels in trappings, and, perched upon their bollowy humps, men in the garb of Bedouins.

The ranchman's horses seemed to suffer from the same delusions, and terrified by the camels they carried the wagon into the ditch, and overturned it.

Mem found herself gently spilled in the soft sand, so little injured that her only thought was for pulling down her skirts.

She lay still, reclining, not in pain, but in wonderment, as the wagon slid on its side, the driver stumbling along and still clinging to the lines as if he tried to hold giant falcons in leash.

The caravan grew restive, too, and Mem was consumed with perplexity as she saw one of the animals forced to its knees not far from her. The sheik, or whatever he was, tumbled from the saddle and ran to her.

A brown face looked out from the hood, and from the scarlet lips surrounded by a short beard came a voice startlingly un-Arabic.

"Miss Steddon! Miss Remember Steddon!"

She was so dazed that she could only stare into the mysterious face. The Arab smiled and laughed, "I'm Tom Holby—a common movie actor out on location."

He lifted her from the sand, brushed her off, and went for her suitcase, which had been dumped into the cactus.

"Have you come here to be with parents or friends or relatives?" he asked.

"No. I'm looking for a position as a chambermaid."

"My God! You!"

Her eyes were amazed at his horror. He cried, again: "You with your beauty! Oh, no!"

She had been brought up on a motto: "Praise to the face is open disgrace." She snubbed him with a fierce toss of the head.

A man in a pith helmet, dark goggles and a riding suit drove up and was complaining:

"Say, Holby, do you realize you are keeping the whole company waiting in this ghastly heat?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Folger," said Tom, and walked beside the director. "Just a moment, old man. That girl is a friend of mine and beautiful as a peach. She's just lost her husband and come out to this hell hole to be a chambermaid! It's too outrageous to think of. Give her a chance, won't you?"

The director twisted in hiss addle and stared at Mem with expert eyes, then laughed at Holby.

"All right," he said, "I'll take a chance. Two of the extra women kekeled over this morning from the heat. I'll have my assistant take her to the wardrobe woman and get her fitted out and made up. She can appear in the famine scene."

The caravan resumed its plodding advance, and Holby turned back to say to Remember:

"I've taken a great liberty. I can't bear the thought of your working as a servant when there may be a big career for you in the pictures. There is a shortage in the company for the big scene, and you'd be a godsend. To please me—I mean the director—do this, won't you?"

"Well, of course, if it would be doing you a favor—"

"An immense favor!"

"I don't know anything, you know."

"That's all the better. You have nothing to unlearn. Here's Mr. Ellis, the assistant director. He'll take care of you. I've got to go."

* * * *

Mrs. Kittery, the wardrobe woman, and Leva Lemaire (who in private life was Mrs. David Wilkinson) helped Mem into one of the cars after she had made explanations and said farewell to the curious ranchman. While Mrs. Kittery found a costume for her, Mrs. Wilkinson, who was an "extra woman," took the job of making her up.

Watching a scene being taken Mem listened to Leva: "That's Robina Teele on that biggest camel. She's earning her money today by the sweat of her whole system. She's sweet on Tom Holby and as jealous of him as a fiend. Tom is a mighty nice boy—not spoiled a bit by being advertised as the most beautiful thing in the world. I was in a scene with him once; he was just as considerate as if I had been Norma Talmadge or Pauline Frederick."

In a heat that drove the desert Indians into the shade and idleness, dainty actresses and actors invited sunstroke, and after a time the extras were called forth from the comparative shelter of the tents to the scene of action.

Mem could not believe that this was she who stumbled across the sand, twitching her skirts out of the talons of the cactus, carefully dabbing the sweat from her face with a handkerchief already colored like a painter's brush rag, and jingling, as she walked, with barbaric jewelry.

The mob went forward slowly and she recognized Tom Holby on a camel. She hoped that he would not recognize her, but he studied all the faces and, being used to disguises, made her out and hailed her with the password:

"How you standing it?"

She called up to him:

"All right, thank you."

There was vast interest in her from now on. The leading man had singled out an extra woman for special attention, and the gossip went round with a rush as of wings.

The director divided the extras into groups, with business assigned to each.

(Continued Next Week)

A brown face looked out from the hood . . . "Miss Steddon! Miss Remember Steddon!"

to the past.

Darling Mama and Papa:—

By now you have probably ceased to be surprised at anything I do. You'll think I have gone clean crazy and I guess I have, but as long as I am getting better and happier every day you won't mind.

I've been too busy to write you all about John as I promised. He is out here scouting for a famous mine and is going prospecting for it right away. It is a famous lost mine that got abandoned on account of some old litigation and was nearly forgotten. So he's on the hunt for it and we're going out to hunt for it together. It means losing ourselves in the desert and the mountains for a long while—there's no telling how long—but it will be terribly romantic and fine for my health and when next you hear from me I may be so rich I'll send you a solid gold sewing machine, mama, and papa a solid gold pulpit.

There's no mail delivery where we're going and no way of reaching us, but don't worry. If anything happens I'll let you know. If you don't hear from me for a long while you'll know everything is all right. You can send your letters to me here and I'll find them when I get back. Don't send me any more money.

So goodbye and blessings on your darling heads. John sends his love.

Your loving

Mem.

To be a chambermaid or a waitress was a dismal come-down, but, Mem decided, she must accept

Former Local Girl Is Wed To Gilroy Lad At Methodist Church

Miss Ruth Esther Swenson, a former local girl now living at Gilroy, was quietly married to Robert Massey of Gilroy at the local Methodist church last Friday. Rev. W. C. Robbins read the wedding ceremony. The couple was accompanied to this village by Miss Opal Pelham of Gilroy, who acted as one of the witnesses.

Birthday Party For Little Norman Hiatt Staged By Parents

His fourth birthday was the inspiration for a party given Master Norman Hiatt Wednesday afternoon by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Hiatt of Union avenue.

Many games were played throughout the afternoon after which delicious refreshments were served, which included a birthday cake. Present were Barbara Jean, Evelyn and Herbert Hiatt, Vernon Cooley, Mrs. Marie Cooley, Mrs. W. W. Finnemore, Mrs. L. Hiatt, Mrs. Glee Hiatt and Mrs. E. Hiatt.

FIELD'S STORE

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY SPECIALS

Honey Dew Pineapple, 2 No. 2½ can	53c
Del Monte Peas 2 No. 2 cans	33c
Mazola Oil, one-half gallon	89c
Instant Postum, large can	37c
Post Bran Flakes, package	11c
Phillips Flour, 10 lbs.	57c
Melba Toast, package	19c
Ridgway's Orange Label Tea, one-half pound	45c
Rogers 1865 Silver Plated Tea Spoon—Free!!	
Gold Dust, large size	23c
Lucky Strike Cigarettes, 2 packages	23c
Underwood Deviled Ham, No. 1-4 can	15c

Caustic Soda for Prunes
Picking pails, 40c, 50c, 55c
Larson Orchard Ladders
Caustic Soda
Babbitts for Prunes—All Sizes
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FIELD'S STORE

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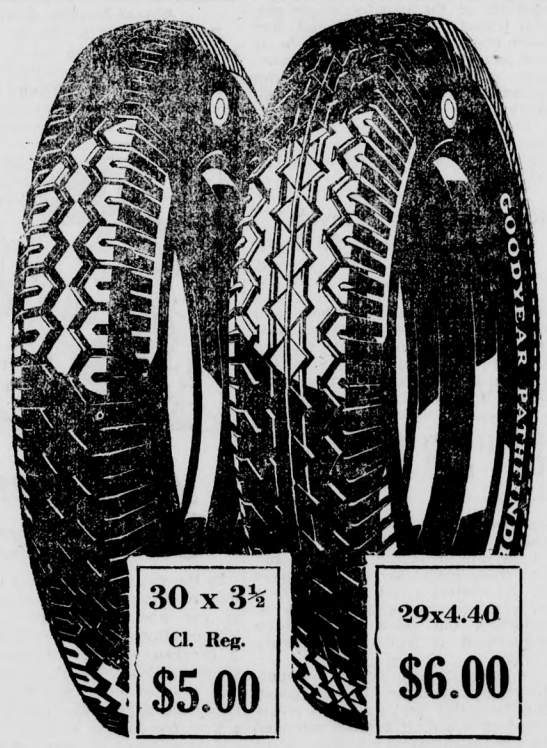

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30x3½ O. S.	5.50	30x4.50	6.65
31x4 S. S.	9.10	29x4.75	8.05
32x4	9.60	30x5.00	8.55
33x4	10.20	31x5.00	8.85
34x4	11.50	30x5.25	9.85
32x4½	13.45	31x5.25	10.20
33x4½	13.90	31x6.00	12.70
34x4½	14.60	32x6.00	13.15
		33x6.00	13.55

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WASP WAISTLINE IS COMING BACK

Milady to Face Weeks of Starvation at Command of Fashion.

Paris.—Just a year ago any woman who looked at a picture of her mother in pinching whalebones would have laughed outright, but the wasp waistline of mother's younger days is back, although the whalebones are missing.

Slimness is the last word from the Rue de la Paix. The waist must be wasplike as in the late nineties. In those days a generous application of whalebone brought the desired effect; today it is obtainable by scientific and systematic starvation.

It is no longer considered smart to wear weight or have ample lines. The newest dresses have high waistlines and the waists are indicated by pulling as tight as possible a knotted belt. After many seasons of loose hips the effect is startling, and a very small proportion of women can attain the mode without real suffering.

Days of Starvation.

It takes days of starvation, weeks of point rolling, and months of steam baths to bring back the waistlines to wasplike proportions. The pinch will certainly be felt in the stomach, but the style czars are adamant and insist that by winter the waists around which two hands could touch will be back after an absence of thirty years.

The waistlines started to crawl up last spring, and by now they are really high. If they go much further they will be above the normal height of the supposed waist.

That is not the only news from the famous thoroughfare which runs off the Place Vendome. The Rue de la Paix wants women in red, and everything seems to be based on the idea that women must be seen as well as heard.

Never has there been such a run on red dyes. Greens and yellows, which started the season well, have disappeared from the skyline. Only reds are seen where smart women gather.

Bathing Suits Extravagant.

There are many other extravagant ideas born with hot weather. Such, for example, as plaited straw sunshades, silk sockettes to protect the feet in the slipper and still leave the limb bare to the cooling winds. Women's bathing garb has undergone a novel change.

Bathing suits are extravagant this summer. They are used to tell the world your preference for blonde or brunette gentlemen. There are many daring costumes being worn at Deauville which carry embroidered adornment in the form of flaming arrows piercing red hearts, accompanied by embroidered mottoes, large or small, depending upon how far the message is to carry.

Some of the mottoes say "Yours till death," or "He's my man," or "A life on the ocean wave." There is one at Deauville which tells a lot in a few words, "I can swim, thank you."

Man Falls to Death From Bed on Roof

New York.—Peter Donahue, twenty-one years old, returned early in the morning to his home and wanted to sleep on the fire escape of his first-floor apartment. His wife, Nora, would not let him, so he climbed to the roof, where he had a hammock six feet from the edge. An hour later his wife heard a noise in the yard and looking out saw her husband's body. He had been killed instantly.

Brazil Museum to Seek Primeval Animal Fossils

Rio de Janeiro.—Dr. I. A. Padberg of the National museum is planning to lead an expedition late this year to Uniao da Victoria, state of Parana, in southern Brazil, to undertake excavation work in search for remains of prehistoric animals.

Fossil remains, one of which resembled the vertebra of a gigantic beast, were found recently on a farm at Uniao da Victoria, and were identified by Victor Padberg as belonging to an American megatherium of the plesitocene or glacial period. The deposit and also some stone utensils believed to be of the paleolithic period, were discovered near the headwaters of the Iguassu river at an altitude of 900 meters.

Doctor Padberg said the stone instruments probably are the first of their kind to be found in the Americas.

Rainbow Trout Travels Many Miles in 60 Days

Manistee, Mich.—A rainbow trout 25 inches long tagged on April 24, 1929, and released near here by the conservation department has been captured by a Kenosha (Wis.) fisherman. The fish in the 60 days had traveled 140 miles, if it crossed the lake in a straight line, and nearer 500 if it followed the shore line.

CYCLONES BREED IN "AIR FAULTS"

Disturbances Caused by Failure of Atmospheric Strata to "Fit."

Berkeley, Calif.—The cyclones of the Far Western states frequently breed in a little-known atmospheric fault of the western coast.

This fault, caused by failure of two atmospheric strata to "fit," is notably defined during the warm summer months and not infrequently advances eastward. While advancing it produces within it many of our cyclones that are first observed, in the summer season, over the Far Western states.

The "West Coast Fault" was reported on by E. H. Bowie, meteorologist in charge of the United States weather bureau at San Francisco, recently, at the meeting of the American Meteorological society here. The society met in connection with the conference of the Pacific coast division of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Formation of Fault.

"The two masses of air involved in the formation of the fault," Bowie said, "are the hot, dry air of the interior of the Far West and the cold, humid air of the waters of the western coast. This surface of discontinuity is not always in evidence, but once having been obliterated, it forms very quickly again.

"Owing to the peculiar atmospheric conditions on the west coast, the formation and eastward movement of this fault are not attended by the formation of cyclones except in the Far North, where, more than likely, one will form its center, first appearing over British Columbia or Alberta, Canada. The completion of the fault, and its earthward movement are announced by the indraft of cool air, the incoming of sea fog and a complete change in the regime that existed prior to and during the time when the fault was in process of formation."

Breed Cyclones.

Speaking of these "faults," or discontinuities in the earth's atmosphere, Bowie said that they are doubtless breeding places of cyclones and other disturbances, but it does not necessarily follow that all such that intersect the earth's surfaces are breeding places of cyclones.

"Nevertheless," he said, "they are all places where striking contrasts in humidity, pressure and wind direction and velocity, both in the horizontal and the vertical are found."

They are counterparts, in a sense, of geological faults, he pointed out. The accurate forecasting of changes resulting from the formation and degradation of the west coast fault calls for great skill on the part of the meteorologist, he said.

British Plane Climbs 4 Miles in 14 Minutes

London.—An all-steel airplane that can climb to a height of four miles in less than 14 minutes is the latest addition to Britain's air fleet.

The plane is a single seater equipped with a supercharger and specially geared Jaguer motor developing 400 horsepower. With a full load of machine guns and ammunition, in addition to electrically heated clothing and oxygen breathing apparatus, it can climb to a height of six miles. Its top speed is 185 miles an hour.

The plane is intended to take off from a home defense airdrome and to climb rapidly to get above enemy raiding machines as soon as information is received that they have crossed the coast.

PRIMEVAL FORESTS BEING PRESERVED BY GOVERNMENT

Protected Areas Destined to Encourage Research in Wilderness Conditions.

Syracuse, N. Y.—Setting aside wilderness areas is now a current problem with the federal government. One reason why it is a problem is because there are comparatively few suitable primeval forests left, says the New York state college of forestry, at Syracuse university.

The Yellowstone National park was established in 1872, but the principal reasons were its rare scenic features and not particularly its virgin forests. New York state probably was the first to set aside an extensive area of wild land to be kept forever wild because it was wild. This occurred in 1885, when the forest preserve was established, but today there are additional reasons for saving wilderness areas. The romantic wild land idea still persists, but other important considerations are now necessary.

The wilderness areas, being set aside today for the forest service, are as much for research as for the preservation of the primeval forest itself. It is intended that these areas will preserve soil conditions and plant and animal species of great potential value to science which are incapable of surviving under modification caused by the invasion of man and his institutions.

These areas will preserve the conditions under which the early development of the nation took place and which influence the character of our national ideals, traditions and modes of life. The areas will not be smaller than 1,000 acres, which is small enough. Primitive conditions of travel, habitation, subsistence and environment will be maintained and a close guard will be kept against the unnecessary invasion of roads, resorts, summer homes, communities and other forms of use incompatible with the major purpose.

Wilderness preservation illustrates the rapid changes that have taken place. Daniel Boone and his contemporaries would have questioned the sanity of any person suggesting setting aside wilderness areas in order that such places might not disappear, but to be able to walk through a primeval forest is growing to be a rare privilege and it is a source of satisfaction to know that some of the specimens of our former forest grandeur will be preserved.

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Screen-Grid
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New improvements heretofore only in house-current sets

NEW!—HEAR IT—TODAY

How Natives Learn Home Town

Blinks—You seem pretty familiar with all the points of interest around your own city.

Jinks—Yes, we have a great many out-of-town folks visit us.

That's Different

"I like a man liberal in his views, don't you?"

"Yes—if he isn't too liberal with 'em."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

POISON IVY

Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers.

Absent-Minded Again

Professor's Wife—Good gracious, John, you've put the hot-water bottle in baby's cot. Where's baby?

Professor (in bed)—Hang it! I was wondering why the hot-water bottle wouldn't keep still.—Answers.

A Sour Stomach

In the same time it takes a dose of soda to bring a little temporary relief of gas and sour stomach, Phillips Milk of Magnesia has acidity completely checked, and the digestive organs all tranquilized. Once you have tried this form of relief you will cease to worry about your diet and experience a new freedom in eating.

This pleasant preparation is just as good for children, too. Use it whenever coated tongue or fetid breath signals need of a sweetener. Physicians will tell you that every spoonful of Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid. Get the genuine, the name Phillips is important. Imitations do not act the same!

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Boys Spare Mirror 20 Years

Beckenham, England, boasts that it has the best-behaved boys in the world. For 20 years the lads have resisted the temptation to throw stones at a mirror erected for the help of automobile drivers at a junction of roads. The mirror has just been removed by the city.

Veteran Placer Miner Picks Up Big Nugget

John E. Perrett, veteran prospector and placer miner, struck it lucky in Potato creek, west of Spearfish, S. D., when he found a ten-ounce gold nugget, valued at $250. The nugget, says the Omaha World Herald, is more than four inches long, about two inches wide and almost half an inch thick. For its size, it is said to be the purest one ever unearthed in the Black Hills. A few finds like this would give a prospector more than a grub stake for his year's work, Perrett says. Mr. Perrett has been a resident of the Black hills for more than 46 years, and he has prospected more or less during that time. His present claim is located on Potato creek, where he has lived for the last 19 years. Potato creek has yielded many gold nuggets in the past, but it is doubtful if any has equaled this latest find.

Contrary to the general opinion, says Mr. Perrett, a placer miner or prospector does not depend for his grub stake and wages only on the gold he finds, but he also washes out such valuable metals as tin, tantulum, columbine, copper, tungsten, shelite and mica.

Too Humble

"We farmers are humble, but we're not as humble as some of these politicians seem to think."

George L. Quackenbush, the millionaire farmer of Virginia, was talking in Richmond about the farmer's hard luck and his demand for government aid.

"Yes, we're humble," he went on, "but we're not like little Willie.

"'Where are you going, Joe?' little Willie asked his friend.

"'Down to the drug store,' says Joe 'to get an ice cream soda.'

"Little Willie looked up at Joe wistfully and said:

"'Say, Joe, can I come and watch ye?'"

Seek "Old Maid" Insurance

Getting insured for almost any contingency is becoming a fad in Europe. The latest idea, but one which the insurance companies have not accepted, is insuring women against failure to secure a husband. Even this may come, for inquiries have been made both in Paris and London for policies of this type. A London company recently insured a glass eye for a woman. She pays a premium of $1.85 a year, and if anything happens to her glass optic she receives $15.75. Polaire, known as "The Ugliest Woman on the Stage," has taken out a policy for a large sum payable should she become beautiful.

Russ Ball Blue delights the housewife. Makes clothes whiter than snow. At your Grocer's.—Adv.

Sufficient Proof

Rub—Is Roberts guilty?

Dub—If he isn't, why did he hire a lawyer?

Ground not upon dreams, you know they are ever contrary.—Thomas Middletown.

Like may beget like, but we also get to have our dislikes.

Repairing Garden Hose

If the garden hose has sprung a leak and you are contemplating buying a new one, try painting it on the outside with pliable roofing paint and see if that does not mean another season for it.

Softens water, aids soap, cleans, deodorizes. A real household helper.

20 MULE TEAM BORAX

Stamp Worth $50,000

A postage stamp worth $50,000 is on view at Le Havre. This treasure, said to be the only one of its kind in the world, is the famous 1-cent British Guiana stamp.

It's the Berries, Girls

One of the richest and most fashionable shades for autumn will be what the French call "light currant."—Woman's Home Companion.

GREAT RESULTS FROM COMPOUND

Read How This Medicine Helped This Woman

Brainerd, Minn.—"I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in a newspaper and I have got great results from its tonic action at the Change of Life. Before I took it I was nervous and at times I was too weak to do my housework. I was this way about a year. But now I do all my housework and do chores outside also. I must say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done wonders for me and no woman should be without it. I sure can speak a good word for it."—Mrs. Jim Smith, R. R. 7, Brainerd, Minnesota.

BOILS AND CARBUNCLES FLY AWAY

Nothing like this specialist's salve, Carbell. Instantly stops pain. Heals overnight. Get Carbell from druggist, end trouble in 24 hours. Sparlock-Neal Co., Nashville, Tenn.

Kill All Flies! THEY SPREAD DISEASE

Placed anywhere, DAISY FLY KILLER attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient and cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal can't spill or tip over will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed. Insist upon DAISY FLY KILLER from your dealer.

HAROLD SOMERS, Brooklyn N. Y.

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Do You Know—

COMMUNITIES as "centers of living" are considered so important that scientific research has been directed toward towns and cities to find out why some grow and prosper while others decline? It has been definitely determined that their development or decline takes place because of certain definite causes.

THRU THE study of community development it has been discovered that there are some forty major and three hundred minor factors to be found in *Our Community.* Any one of these, by functioning improperly, may prove a damaging weakness.

FORTUNATELY, however, there are proven cures and preventives for Community weakness and defect—rules for Community health, happiness and prosperity—just as there are rules for individual health, happiness and prosperity.

Do You WANT to Know—

WHAT THESE vital factors are—where we are strong and where we are dangerously weak? Do you want to know how we compare nationally as a "Living Center" with other towns and cities of our class? Do you want to know how we can be a stronger, more prosperous Community?

We are interested in the subject because we realize the individual as well as the collective well-being of the citizens of this center is involved. We are prepared to present a weekly survey on this page. Will you let us have a personal expression of your interest in this campaign for

CAMPBELL

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WHY NOT?—BERNHARDT THE GROCER

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Physician and Surgeon
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Office: Curry Bldg, Phone 165
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DR. C. E. FARMAN
Dentist
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Curry Bldg. Campbell, Calif.

DR. ERNEST A. ABBOTT
Dentist
Rm. 6, Porter Bldg., San Jose
Phone San Jose 2447

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First National Bank Bldg.
San Jose California

Masonic Notice

Charity Lodge No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Calif. Stated meetings held on the first Monday of each month.
Robt. Scholz, W. M.
T. A. Robinson, Secretary

Independent Order of Odd Fellows

Morning Light Lodge No. 42 Meets every Thursday evening in I.O.O.F. hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings.
Lester Brackett, Noble Grand
Ralph Gardner, Secretary

ORCHARD CITY GRANGE
Meets second and fourth Tuesday Evenings at I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. N. Hedegard, Worthy Master
Edna F. Keesling, Worthy Secty.

Will Reveals Estate Of $10,000 Left By Late W. G. Correia

Dividing his $10,000 estate between his widow and six adult children, the will of William G. Correia, local rancher who passed away recently, was filed for probate Saturday by the widow.

The children mentioned as legatees and devises are Mrs. Mary Silveira, William and Manuel Correia and Mrs. Francis Silva, all of San Jose, Mrs. Evelyn C. Rose of Concord and Mrs. Minnie Speegle of Campbell.

MORE LOCALS

Mr. and Mrs. Pete Paisin and family of Merced spent Thursday with the B. J. Stojanovich family.

—c—

Hugo Ehret and sons and Elmer Pannell left Tuesday for their home in Belleville, Ill., after a few weeks' visit with relatives here. Mrs. Ehret did not accompany them as she will stay with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Relfe for a few weeks longer.

—c—

Mrs. W. Morris was visiting in San Francisco last week.

—c—

Mrs. Paul Darling of Glendale spent last week with her father, P. Arnott, and her sister, Myrtle Arnott. Mr. Darling and son, Paul, Jr., joined them the last of the week.

—c—

Mrs. Wade and Miss G. Taylor of San Francisco, Mrs. Charles Stallman of Loomis, and Mr. and Mrs. J.Witt of Lodi were week-end guests at the F. L. Steindorf, Sr., home.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. W. Carson of San Diego were week-end guests at the Silas Obert home.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. C. Fairfield of Modesto were visitors at the Gilmore Duncan home Wednesday.

—c—

Miss Marion Ballard of Knightson was visiting with Miss Winifred Woodard last week.

—c—

Mrs. H. P. Hansen and son of San Jose were visiting with the W. H. Morgan family Monday evening.

—c—

Louis Schmidt, who had been ill for several weeks, was back to work Monday morning.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Stojanovich and family spent the week-end at Capitola.

—c—

W. R. Shells of Los Angeles visited with the Harry Barnes family a few days last week.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Price and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. E. I Price and Mr. and Mrs. David Price of Vallejo just returned from a two week's vacation at Lake Tahoe.

Percy Dunlap visited with his folks at Watsonville Sunday.

—c—

Donald McQueen, Lester Brackett and Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Wehmeyer were week-end visitors at the McQueen camp in Big Basin.

—c—

A. E. Brydon and family and Julius Bachman spent Sunday in Big Basin.

—c—

Miss Lydia Woolley of Long Beach is making a ten-day visit with her niece, Mrs. Donald Page.

—c—

Rev. W. C. Robins was a visitor in Oakland Monday and Tuesday, returning to Campbell Tuesday afternoon.

M. T. Crews and nephew, Joseph Powers, visited with the former's father, Henry Crews of Gilroy Sunday.

—c—

Mrs. Margaret.. Behrendt, who was principal of the Cambrian school, will teach in one of the Kern county schools this year.

—c—

Mrs. M. E. Crews and Mrs. Pearl Powers and daughter spent Sunday with their aunt, Mrs. Calvin Barker of Oakland.

Mrs. E. E. Duncan, who has been visiting in Oakland with her daughter, Mrs. J. J. Donohue, for some time, returned home recently accompanied by Mrs. Donohue who will visit here for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Donohue and Mrs. Duncan spent a few days at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Lee Hiatt entertained several friends at a bridge luncheon Thursday afternoon.

METHODIST CHURCH
W. C. Robins, Pastor

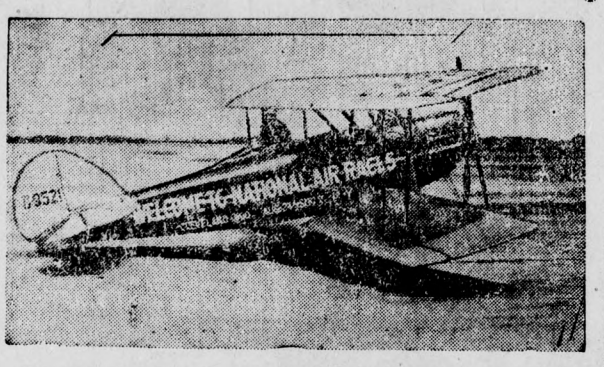
Sunday school at 9:45. Classes for all grades.

At 11, worship with sermon by pastor. You will enjoy and get spiritual comfort from our morning worship. Strangers welcome.

At 7 p. m., union service with the combined choirs presenting a good program of music. Rev. Robins will speak. Subject: "Flowering Piety." This is our last union service for the summer. Let us make it a good noe.

Wednesday at 7:30: Our prayer meeting and fellowship hour, with Bible study.

Feminine Pilots to Take Part in Air Races



Mrs. Blanche Noyes shown in plane she will fly from Santa Monica, Cal., to Cleveland, the course of the race. The contest will be a feature of the 1929 air races at end of August, in which Amelia Earhart, Ruth Elder, Marvel Crosson, and many other feminine pilots are expected to compete.

Herb Pennock's Sensational Return to Form

HE'S BEEN IN THE AMERICAN LEAGUE FOR FOURTEEN YEARS -AND CONNIE MACK DUG HIM UP!
NEURITIS
Herb Pennock -his return to form feature of 1929 campaign
HIS MOST OPTIMISTIC FOLLOWERS BELIEVED HIS PITCHING DAYS WERE AT AN END -

Last winter it was believed that Herb Pennock's pitching days were over. He contracted neuritis in his pitching arm, and nobody looked for a comeback. But Miller Huggins handled him carefully, and now he's again one of the Yankee's best bets in pitching. His great return to form stands out as one of the big events of the 1929 season.

ORCHARDISTS!

If you are cutting fruit on the ranch, you will want tally cards for the cutter. We have them in packages of 25 cards for 10c.

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A really wholesome, nourishing, satisfying kind of bread—uniform in quality day after day, baked under the most rigid inspection and delivered fresh every morning.

The most delicious, cleanest slicing, crispest-tasting bread you ever tasted . . . . and it costs no more than ordinary bread.

Finest cakes, pies and pastries at good values.

Peter Pan Bakery

TED GAIL, Prop.

Any woman who doesn't have *instant* hot water . .

spending 4 to 6 hours longer ch week in housework!

ve all the hot water you want out bother or waiting. Then ework is done easily and uickly. Each week you can pend 4 to 6 hours more with iends — motoring, shopping or ngaging in outdoor sports.

There is no need of watching e automatic gas water heater. You can have plenty of hot water day and night. It costs less than one-fifth of a cent per gallon—the lowest cost of any method for heating water in the home.

Details on replacing your old water heater with a new automatic gas water heater can be obtained at a dealer's store or by telephoning our local office.

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When you call a number, I must perform eleven separate functions accurately. Last year my associate operators and I handled two billion telephone calls on the Pacific Coast, and our rate of accuracy was over 98%.

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PINKY DINKY *and His Gang* — By Terry Gilkison

WELL, IF THIS IS A BIRTHDAY PARTY WHERE'S ALL THE EATS — CAKE AND SO FORTH?
SOMETHING IS COMING OUR WAY RIGHT NOW — LOOKIT!
C'MON, BOYS! HERE SOME CAKE FOR YOU - EH?
MOM, THE TUBBY WANTS TO KNOW WHY DO YOU WEAR GLASSES?
WHY, PINKY, I WEAR SPECTACLES BECAUSE THEY MAKE EVERY-THING LOOK BIGGER THAN IT REALLY IS!
1929 Publishers Autocaster Service
WELL, TUBBY SAYS WHEN YOU PUT A PIECE OF CAKE FOR HIM - WILL YOU TAKE YOUR GLASSES OFF!